No 8040.62

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W. H. H. Newman.

34 32

THE EVENING GUN.

Words by Thomas Moore,

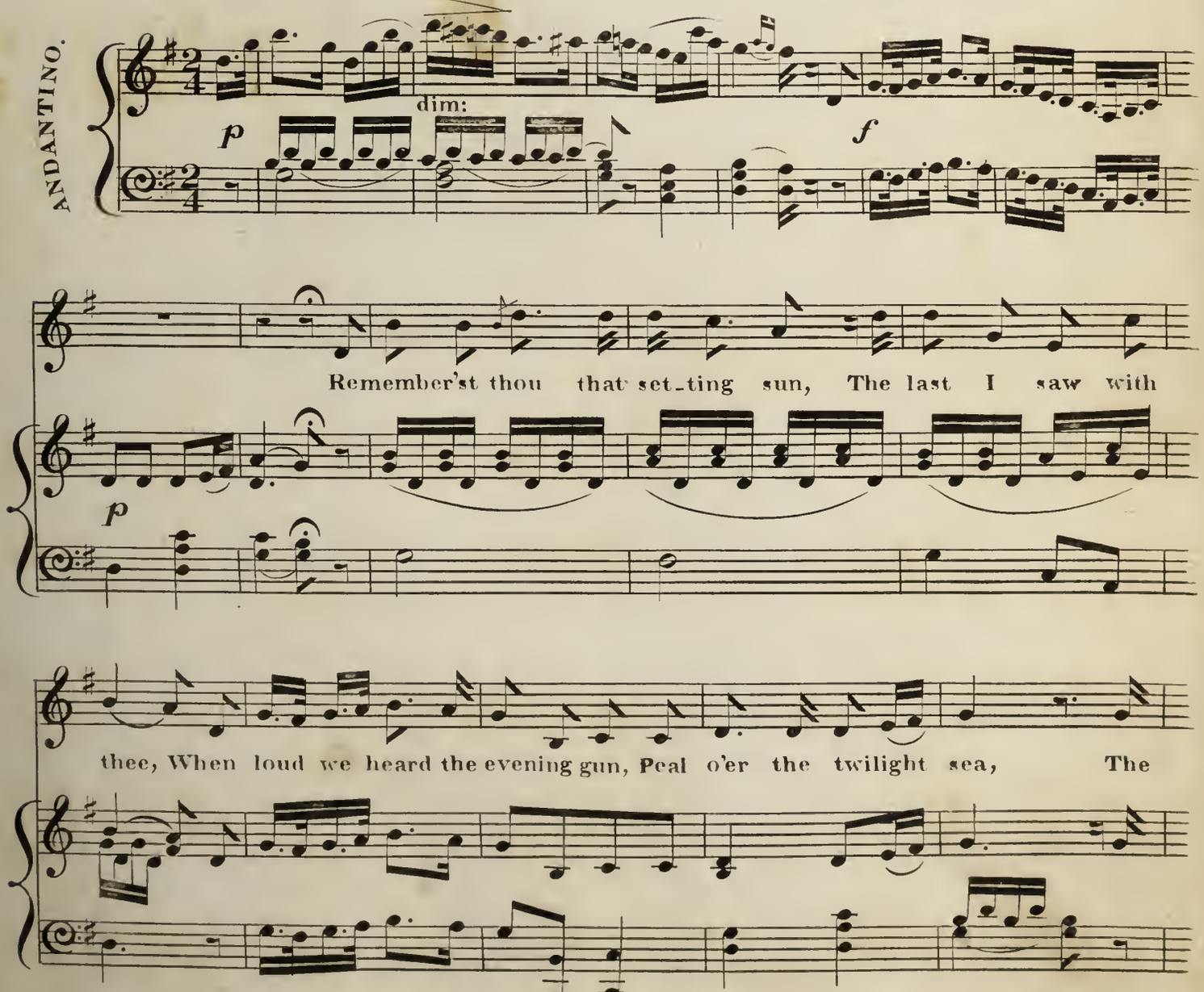
Adapted to a favourite Melody:

Arrangyd for the Piano Forte

BY

CH. ZEUNER.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE 164 Washington Street.


ANDANTINO.
dim:
p
f
Remember'st thou that set-ting sun, The last I saw with
p
thee, When loud we heard the evening gun, Peal o'er the twilight sea, The

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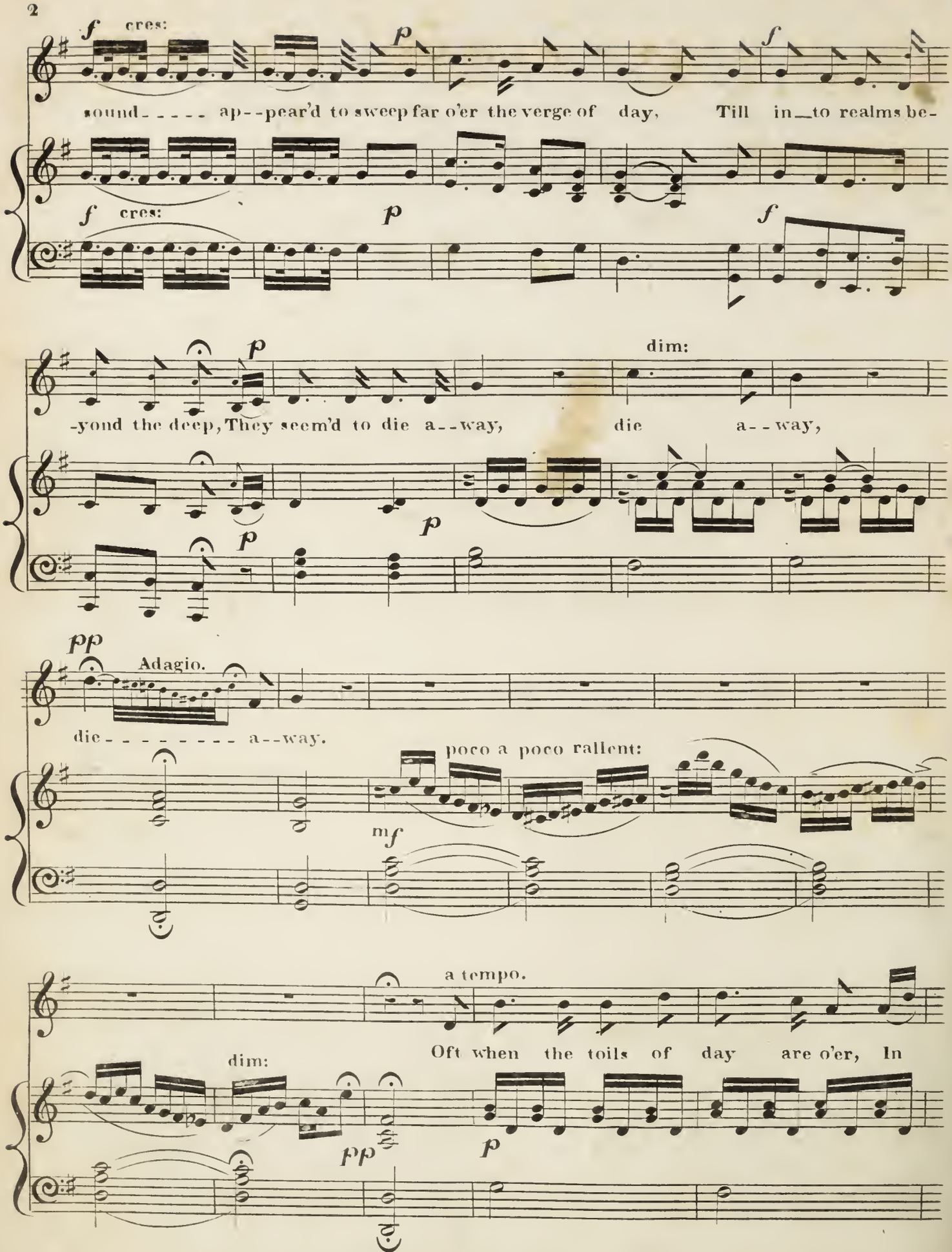
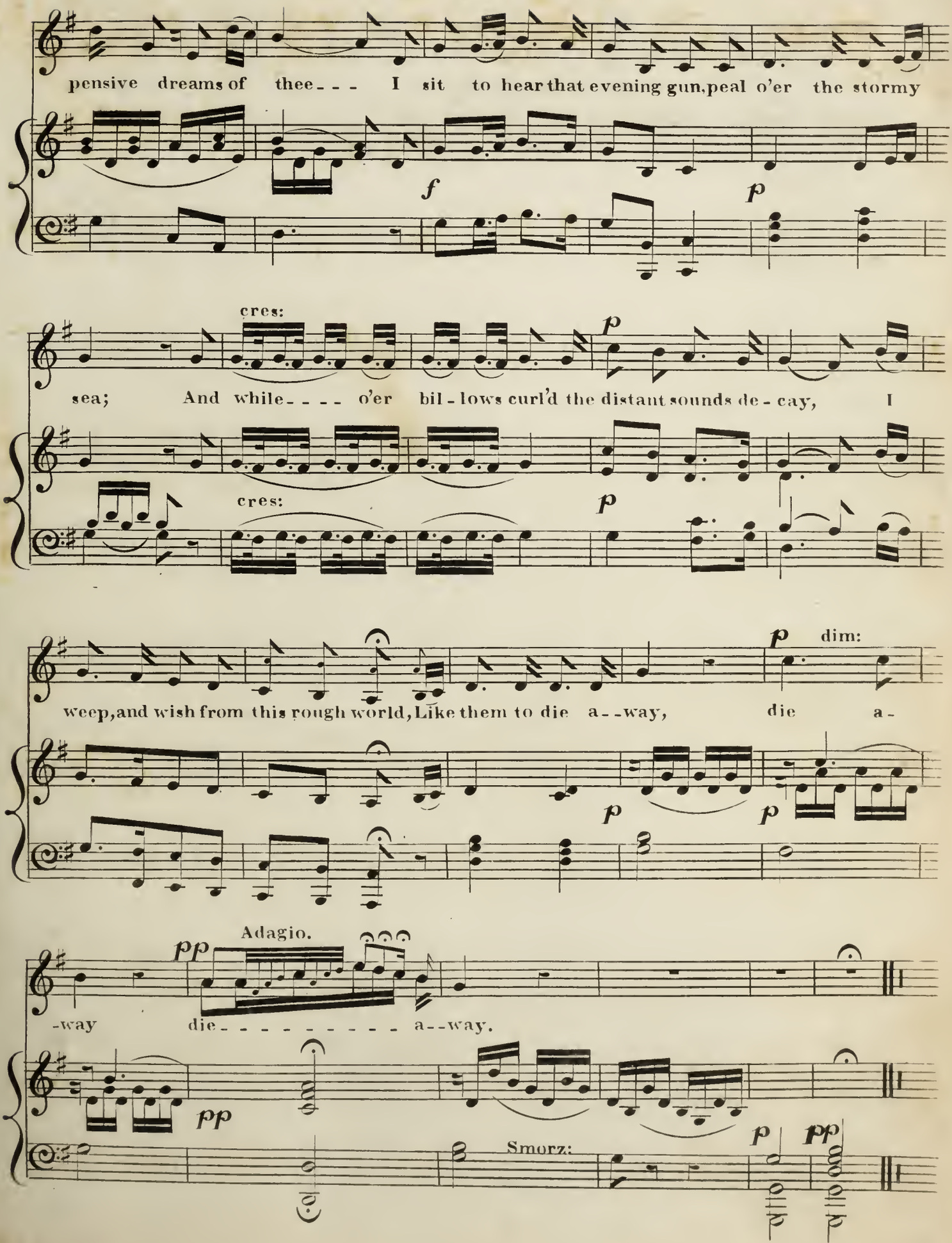

f cres:
sound - - - - - ap - - pear'd to sweep far o'er the verge of day, Till in_to realms be-
p
f
-yond the deep, They seem'd to die a - - way,
dim:
die a - - way,
pp
Adagio.
die - - - - - - - - - a - - way.
poco a poco rallent:
mf
a tempo.
Oft when the toils of day are o'er, In
dim:
pp
p


pensive dreams of thee - - - I sit to hear that evening gun, peal o'er the stormy
f
p
cres:
sea; And while - - - - o'er bil - lows curl'd the distant sounds de - cay, I
cres:
p
p
dim:
weep, and wish from this rough world, Like them to die a - - way, die a -
p
p
Adagio.
pp
-way die - - - - - - - - - - a - - way.
pp
Smorz:
p
pp

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